

The Yazoo City Herald

Dept Archives and History

VOLUME 43

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY DECEMBER 25, 1914

NUMBER 24

HERALD'S GREAT CONTEST

AUTOMOBILE WON BY MISS NELLIE SINGLETON.

Many Valuable Prizes Awarded and the Best of Good Humor Prevailed.

The Herald's great auto contest came to a close last Saturday afternoon, promptly at 5 o'clock. It was successful in every respect, and what we appreciate more than words can express, that everything passed off so smoothly and nicely, that all the contestants, even those who did not win a prize, were in the best of humor, and good nature prevailed throughout.

To each and every contestant we desire to return our sincere thanks. They worked hard all during the contest, and a more courteous and genial class of contestants we have never seen.

We return thanks also to each of the judges in the contest, whose accuracy and fairness and generosity in giving their time to the work we greatly appreciated. There were 52,000 900 votes cast, and the work of counting them was no small task.

They made the following report: We, the judges in the Herald's auto mobile contest, find the following entitled to the prizes named:

First prize, automobile—Miss Nellie Singleton.

Second prize, piano or trip to Panama Exposition—Mrs. Battaille Noble.

Third prize, sewing machine—Miss Mary Rows.

Fourth prize, business college scholarship—Mrs. James McGraw.

Fifth prize, business college scholarship—Miss Frances Blunt.

Sixth prize, pneumatic sweeper—Mrs. L. E. Miller.

JNO. P. BENNETT,
D. WOLTERSTEIN,
W. J. LEDBETTER,
Judges.

A Card of Thanks.

I wish to express my most sincere thanks to my many friends who stood so valiantly and loyally by me during the Herald Contest. I assure you words fail when I try to express all the gratitude which is in my heart for each and every one who so generously and kindly assisted me in winning the Auto. I could never have held out but for the many words of encouragement and help that came from friends. It is gratifying to me to know that as many had it in their hearts to do so much for me.

With every assurance that I will try to merit the esteem that I will have for me and that I will enjoy the Auto to the utmost, I am

Very truly yours,
NELLIE SINGLETON.

To My Friends.

In the contest which has just closed by the Herald the loyal support of my friends is a great source of pleasure and comfort. Though I did not win the Auto my faith in humanity has been increased and the love of friends made more of a reality. To all who in any way gave me the least assistance I return my very best thanks and will carry your kindly co-operation in my heart as one of its richest treasures.

MARY ROWE.

Card of Thanks.

The willing hearts and hands that helped in the contest have proven the value of friends, and that there are countless numbers of noble Mississippians in Yazoo County, whose acquaintance is well worth knowing. These friends shall ever be treasured in the memory of Mrs. Battaille Noble, who gratefully wishes to each long life, happiness and prosperity.

A Card of Thanks.

I take this method of returning thanks to all who so generously and kindly assisted me in anyway during the late Herald Contest, and also for the many expressions of good will. While I was not successful in winning the car I am none the less grateful for the hearty support and good will shown by my friends.

FRANCES BLOUNT.

New Methodist Pastor.

Rev. W. M. Sullivan, with his family, arrived Wednesday evening, and are now safely and snugly ensconced in the parsonage. While we regret the going of Rev. Mr. Harmon and family, yet we gladly open our hearts to the new pastor and his family and will give them the same cordial and loyal support which has been characteristic of the Methodists of Yazoo City.

Miss Dorothy Darrington Entertains Five Hundred Club.

The handsome home of Dr. and Mrs. John Darrington was given over to the younger set of young people as their lovely daughter, Miss Dorothy was hostess to the Five Hundred Club.

After several interesting games of Five Hundred were played, dainty refreshments were served, after which the young folks repaired to their homes to have pleasant dreams of a most delightful evening spent with Miss Dorothy.

Rev. N. B. Harmon and Family Left Wednesday Morning.

Though it was at the season of the year that all should wear a smiling face, the hearts of the Methodists and many others were made sad by the departure of the Harmon family.

They certainly leave behind them only pleasant things in the hearts of the people they have served for the last two years and they will be missed in many ways. Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Jones the two saints of the household whose very presence was an inspiration and pleasure to all who called at the parsonage will be missed sadly in deed. May they live many years to bless the world with their rich experiences and the sweet example of womanly graces.

ROBBERY ON JEFFERSON ST.

J. H. Milner's Store Entered and Robbed of Merchandise.

Last Saturday night, for the fourth time this year, the store of Mr. J. H. Milner was broken into about midnight. The thieves pried the door open and took about \$35 worth of sugar, flour, rice, meat, cheese, tobacco, canned goods, candy and molasses.

Mr. Milner suspected Charley Burton, a negro that had been hanging around his store for several days. He telephoned Mr. Muse, deputy sheriff of Yazoo County, who went with him to the mother of Burton. Here a little of the plunder was found, although no trace of Burton himself was found. Monday evening, however, Mr. Milner called Burton's nephew into his store and found where Burton was staying. He went to the place described and found a woman who lived with Burton still at the place. She told where Burton was and also told him that Harrison Rucker and Aaron Jefferson were confederates of his. Mr. Milner on seeing Jefferson on the street arrested him and carried him to the court house, and later to jail. Burton and Rucker are still at large.

The original plan was to knock Mr. Milner in the head, however, this plan did not take place because J. C. Davis, foreman of the Herald, was present at the time he closed up.

An Unfortunate Accident.

Sunday afternoon Chas. Middleton went over to play with the children who were playing in the yard of Mr. and Mrs. E. Shepherd. In the play he snapped an air gun in little Eva's face, thinking the gun was empty. Like all unloaded guns it went off and the shot went into the child's eye. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Shepherd, took the child to Jackson that evening to consult a specialist in an effort to save the sight if possible. The Doctors said that it would be impossible to determine the results for several days as the shot could not be located at this time.

The accident is greatly to be deplored and no one feels it more keenly than Charles Middleton and his parents. It is to be hoped that the shot did not go far enough in the ball to entirely destroy the sight. Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd have the sympathy of the community in the unfortunate accident to Eva who is quite a favorite with all who know her.

Examination For Nurses.

The State Board of Examiners for Nurses will meet in Jackson, January 4th, 1915, to examine nurses who are not eligible under the waiver.

MARY H. TRIGG, Sec.

Greenville, Miss.

All nurses eligible to registration, in Mississippi, under the waiver must have their application in the hands of the Secretary of the State Board before the 11th of March, 1915. For further information apply to MARY E. TRIGG, Sec.-Treas.

Greenville, Miss.

Bargains in Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Collars, Ties and Underwear. Call and see me before they are all sold. C. A. LIGHTCAP.

"Why the Chimes Rang," A Christmas Wonder Story

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

There was once, in a far-away country where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city, and every Sabbath, and on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

When you came to the building itself you found stone columns and dark passageways, and a grand entrance leading to the main room of the church. This room was so long that one standing at the doorway could scarcely see the other end, where the choir and the ministers sat near the marble altar. At the furthest corner was the organ, which was so loud that when it began to play the people for miles around would close their shutters and prepare for a storm, thinking they heard the thunder. Altogether there was no such church ever seen as this one, especially when it was lighted up for some festival, and crowded with people, young and old.

But the strangest thing about the whole building was the wonderful chime of bells. There stood at one corner of the church a gray stone tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. As far as one could see, I said, for the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it reached so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that anyone claimed to be able to see the top, and even then there were but few who thought it was within sight. Up, and up, and up climbed the stones and the ivy, and as the men who built the church had been dead for hundreds of years, every one had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now, all the wise people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church was finished, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place, and others said it was because of the great height, reaching up to where the air was clear and pure; however this may be, no one who had heard the chimes ever denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some describe them as sounding like angels far up in the sky, and others like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was no one had heard them for years and years. There was an old man living not far from the church who said he remembered that his mother had spoken of hearing them when she was a little girl, and he was the only one who could say as much as that. They were Christmas chimes, I said, and were not meant to be played by men or on common occasions. On Christmas Eve all the people of the city brought to the church their offerings to the Christ-Child, and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar there would come sounding through the music of the choir the voices of the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said the wind rang them, and others that they were so high that the angels could set them swinging. But for many long years, as I said before, they had never been heard. The ministers said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-Child, or gave them rather to make a display for their own honor than for love of Him, so that no offering was brought good enough to deserve the music of the chimes. Still every Christmas Eve, the rich people of the city crowded to the altar, each one trying to give some better gift than anyone else, without taking anything that he wanted to keep for himself; and the church was filled with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells would be heard again. But, although the music was sweet and the offerings were plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard far up in the old stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village where nothing could be seen of the great church save glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan that they had often talked over when by themselves, for going to the beautiful

celebration. "Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear in the church; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-Child himself sometimes comes down to bless the meeting. What if we could see Him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonesome snowflakes flying in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon on the way to the Christmas celebration; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path and stepped aside to look at it.

It was a poor woman, who had just fallen outside the city, too sick and tired and cold to get in where she might have found shelter. The snow made a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep in the wintry air that no one could ever awaken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little as if he would try to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some of the cold white snow on it, and then, when he had looked at her silently for a moment, he stood up and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you will not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro; and he could not help a little choking sound of disappointment in his throat. "See this poor woman; her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. You can bring some one to help her when you come back, and I can keep her alive. Both of us need not miss the celebration; it would better be I. You can easily find your way to the church; and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother—once for you and once for me. I am sure the Christ-Child must know how I would love to come and worship Him; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in anyone's way, take this little silver piece of mine and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Don't forget the place where you left me, and forgive me for not going with you as I would like."

In this way he hurried off Little Brother to the city, and wrinkled hard to keep back the tears as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the darkness. It was so hard, to lose the music and splendor of the celebration that he had planned for so long, to lose the chance of offering his own silver piece that he had saved for the Christ-Child, and spend the time, instead in the lonesome snow outside the city wall. But it never occurred to him that he could leave the poor Madonna to freeze without his help.

The great church was truly a wonderful place that night. Everyone said it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played, and the thousands of people sang the hymn, the walls shook with the sound, and little Pedro, outside the wall of the city, felt the earth tremble all around him. At last came the procession to hear the offerings to the altar, when great and rich men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ-Child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle; a great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years and years; and last of all walked the king of the country hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There was a great murmur through the church as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown all set with diamonds and other precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar as his offering to the holy Child. "Surely," said everyone, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing

like this has ever happened before." And they all stood still to listen, but only the cold old wind was heard in the stone tower, and the people shook their heads, some of them saying, as they had done before, that they never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever rang at all.

The procession was over, the gifts were all on the altar, and the choir had begun the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing as though he had been shot, and everyone looked at the old minister, who was standing in his place and holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as all the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly but distinctly swinging through the air, the sound of the bells in the tower! So far away and yet so clear seemed them usic, so much sweeter than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRE

to

MRS. BATTLE NOBLE,

By Her Mother.

MAINTY DOWNS-HOUTZ.

(Written for the Herald.)

Stir up the fire, rouse its warm, gleesome cheer;
Kindle the Yule logs, for Christmas tide is here.
Chips kindle the flames that light the logs above,
Flames that mirror the faces of those we love—
Faces of friends of now and then, of young and of old,
In whose joyous eyes our own heart-thoughts are told.

Heap up the chips 'till the merry flames glow bright.
The spirit of life-flames make little deeds right.

Pile on life-chips gathered from last year to this—
Little deeds of kindness give yule-tide its bliss.

Love and forgiveness make life-fires golden glow.
Bury words of unkindness in ashes below.

Yule fires are treasure troves all the years have found;
Set the chips to glowing with love and joy around.

Let music and laughter from hearts full glee
Mingle with the smoke that upward goes so free.

Mistletoe with its tears of melancholy
Decked with the red beads of evergreen holly.

Hang stockings low to mantle jambs for tots
While Santa is waiting on the chimney tops.

Reindeer have come from nobody knows how far,
Like memories that slip near without a jar.

No bleating comes from the lambs of the sheepfold.
Would that the world, like them, were housed from the cold.

Winds may come and bring the cold, beautiful snow,
But Christmas fires hold the hearts warm, tender flow.

Stir up the fire, rouse glad some Christmas cheer;
Remember each dear, loved one, both far and near.

Let the warm, merry crackling Christmas fire glow;
Let each heart be glad with life's rhythmetrical flow.

Then listen to the story the Christ-Child tells.
Ring out its tidings with merry Christmas bells.

There's joy among the poor, the low, and the high;
For this Christ-Child is nigh to take away each sigh.

Benton, Dec. 25, 1914.

For Sale.

200 lbs. of pure home-made lard put up in buckets. Price 15c per lb. Apply to MR. H. G. JOHNSTON, Yazoo City, Miss.

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REPORT OF W. R. RITCH

Good Work Done During Last Year. Plans for Next.

Mr. W. R. Ritch, Farm Demonstrator for Yazoo County, has given out the following:

Having arrived at the end of the first year's services with the farmers of Yazoo County, as Agent of the Farm Demonstration Work, coming as a stranger among you, I feel that it would be a display of an ungrateful disposition not to express my appreciation of gratitude for the many acts of kindness shown me during the past year. The life of a Demonstration Agent is a hard one, at best, and but for the co-operation, encouragement, and assistance by the good people of Yazoo, I fear the ends sought for might not have been accomplished. I feel that my work might have amounted to little had it not been for the assistance rendered me by the Yazoo Commercial Club, first in introducing me to the various farmers over the county and helping me locate the different demonstration plots, and second, in providing the funds which were used for the following purposes: A tour of the county, carrying speakers right to the farmers direct. The home-grown dinner held in Yazoo City in September. The putting on of the Yazoo County exhibit, both at Jackson and Yazoo City, as well as the demonstration of the inoculation of hogs for cholera by Dr. E. M. Ranck, of the A. & M. college on Nov. 6th.

I think that this is more than has ever been done by any other commercial organization in the United States up to the present time. It might be well to state right here that the initiative taken by the Yazoo Commercial Club in encouraging this line of work will receive the support of almost every Southern commercial organization during the season of 1915. It is now receiving the greatest consideration at the hands of the business men of the South, as it is a subject that is of vital interest to us all.

I must also give due credit to the three newspapers of Yazoo City, for their assistance and co-operation. Without the support of the newspapers, I realize that this work could not be accomplished near so quickly or thoroughly.

The following progressive farmers of Yazoo County have rendered material aid in pushing this work forward:

G. E. Rivers, P. C. Mitchell, Ernest Pepper, W. T. Clark, W. A. Cannon, W. E. Jenkins, J. J. McGraw, H. H. Brickell, J. S. Rowe, Marx Schaefer, G. M. Manor, D. A. Swayze, Wallace Fleming, J. W. Henderson, J. A. Caldwell, Wise Bros., Kyle Kirk, W. C. Sharbrough, and many others too numerous to mention.

And last, but not least, I appreciate the interest manifested by the Board of Supervisors since my employment by the county for the season of 1915. As I am just entering upon the work for the next season, I am going to ask the co-operation and support of every farmer in Yazoo County. I am now employed by your county to assist you as much as possible in the improvement of your farming methods. I shall not impose upon you the untried theory of anyone. Rather I bring you the true and tried methods of the Department of Agriculture. It has cost our government millions of dollars to establish these principles, and I want to assure you that you run no risk in their adoption. Of course, you will understand that I am not going to be able to visit every farmer in Yazoo County, and make a demonstration plot of every farm, but I shall endeavor to establish at least one plot in every community, and it is my desire that you keep well posted upon the progress made in your neighborhood. To those who might doubt the efficiency of the methods I teach, I desire to inform you that very shortly I shall compile my annual report to the government as to just what was accomplished in your county, and for your inspection I am going to have it published. This report will only deal with results which I confidently believe will challenge your most earnest consideration.

W. R. RITCH.

LOST.

On the tenth day of December, a small black horse mule, 10 or 11 years old, weighs about 600 pounds, shod on front feet. Please notify, J. B. JOHNSON, Benton, Miss.

Fresh Eggs.

Always on hand.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON.